

EBERHART'S PIANO HOUSE

Makes Excellent Offer to Public

In order to make room for our Fall and Holiday stock of Pianos, until November 1, 1911, I am going to sell the following HIGH GRADE Pianos as follows:

Chickering Bros.

\$550 Piano.

The finest piano sold in the tri-cities. Being covered with an unlimited guarantee. Special price.

\$365

Newman Bros.

\$450 Piano.

One of our leaders and a piano we have sold for 16 years with success. Special price

\$298

Chase & Baker Player

This famous player that retails from \$600 to \$1,000 according to case design, will be sold, special price

\$490 to \$525

Here's a bargain for someone wishing a fine player, 88-note full keyboard.

Weaver Piano

\$500 Piano.

An artistic instrument that the critics love. This piano special price

\$310

Hackley Piano

\$400 Piano.

The piano that is in more homes than any other instrument sold in the west. Thoroughly guaranteed with a very fine scale. Special price

\$288

This is Not a Contest Sale

Neither Am I Going Out of Business

This is Not a Closing Out Sale.

I am simply making an offer to the shrewd purchaser to obtain a fine piano at a rare bargain. Our Christmas stock will soon be on hand, which will be the largest we have ever carried and our sales will be double what they were last Christmas, even though the best Christmas trade in the history of our piano house, 16 years in business.

Yours for a good bargain,

Tuning a Specialty Phone 471 West E. C. Eberhart 2224 Fourth Ave. Rock Island, Ill.

EDITOR WHEELER'S STORY OF HEARST-HARRISON MEETING AT SPRINGFIELD

VETERAN DEMOCRAT GIVES HIS SIDE OF UNPLEASANT INCIDENT IN WHICH HE WAS THREATENED WITH EJECTION FROM HALL.

H. N. Wheeler, the veteran editor of the Quincy Journal, and a member of the Illinois state democratic central committee, has prepared a story of the meeting held at Springfield during fair week at which he was subjected to rough treatment at the hands of the Hearst-Harrison crowd of Chicago when he attempted to address the gathering. Mr. Wheeler writes as follows:

As I sat myself to write the story of the recent Springfield meeting I feel that I am confronted by the most difficult job of newspaper writing that I have ever undertaken. To be in the vortex of a whirlwind storm, or, perhaps, I might more accurately say, to be the vortex of that storm, is a new experience to me; and then to get away from that situation and write of it as if I had not been in it; to write of it fairly and squarely, without bias or prejudice, truthfully and judiciously, honorably and manfully, is no easy thing to do, I can assure you.

To apply a lot of cheap and ugly epithets to, and personally abuse the men who so needlessly misused me, and in other ways disgraced the fair name of democracy, would be an easy matter; but that would do no good and it would be wholly unworthy of me. In writing of this meeting I shall eliminate myself as nearly as I can. I wish to write of it, as nearly as I can, as if some one else had enacted my part at that meeting. I wish to lay aside, as nearly as I can, all personal bias and prejudice, and tell a plain, straightforward, truthful story of that meeting. I wish to tell such a story as no truthful man at that meeting can deny.

It had been widely advertised previously to the meeting that the Hearst-Lawrence-Harrison men were coming to Springfield eight hundred strong; and the leaders of the movement claimed that they had that many men in their Chicago delegation. It was so advertised in Springfield and throughout the state, and I presume that it

was true. The Springfield Register said that the Chicago delegation came down in 23 Pullman cars. At all events, the Springfield meeting was a Chicago affair, in every way, from start to finish. Indeed, the meeting could have been much more cheaply held in Chicago than in Springfield—for the down-state attendance at the meeting was not large. It was much smaller than the Chicago leaders had said it would be; much smaller, I think, than the down-state democrats expected it to be, and much smaller than the democratic state organization expected it to be. So far as the attendance of down-state democrats was concerned, the meeting was far from a successful one. The audience was made up very largely of the Chicago delegation; after them came the down-state men in sympathy with the movement and a small sprinkling of men who were friendly to the state organization. I should think that there must have been a thousand men in the hall, for all the seats were full and men were standing along the sides of the big hall, in the corners of the hall, and at the back end of it.

It is not necessary for me to lengthen this story by going into the routine details of that meeting. Mr. Harrison, as everyone knows, was the autocratic chairman of the meeting. In calling the meeting to order, Mr. Harrison outlined the purposes of it in rather savage language. He bitterly denounced the state organization, and said that he and his friends were in favor of harmony—"Harmony with an Ax." is the way he put it; and he might have added with a bludgeon, too, and told the truth.

Mr. Harrison said that he regretted that the man who was down on the program for the first speech was not present on account of a delayed train, but that he would arrive soon. Meanwhile, he would ask Judge Thompson of Jacksonville to fill in the time, which Judge Thompson proceeded to do. After the judge got pretty well along with his speech, which was not an especially noteworthy one, I asked him if he would permit me to ask him a question. He answered: "Yes; certainly."

I was sitting on the main floor of the hall, just in front of the stage, at a table provided for the use of newspaper men. As I arose to ask my question, Mr. Harrison jumped to his feet and shouted: "No! you shall not ask Judge Thompson a question!" and ordered his subordinates, who were standing near, to make me keep still or put me out of the building. In doing this, he came to the front of the stage, near where I was standing, and I was appealing to him to be fair enough to give me a hearing. 'Twas then that the Chicago fellows, who seemed to be detailed to take care of that part of the work, laid violent hands upon me, jerked me hither and thither and jammed me down into my chair, telling me, in their polite, Chicago way, that if I did not keep still they would throw me out of the building. I judge that some six or seven minutes elapsed before quiet was restored and then Judge Thompson went on with his speech.

Please notice, in passing, that Judge Thompson is as ready to train with Lawrence now as he was in 1904. Judge Thompson is, I think, a good man—but he is a weak man. Lawrence can dominate him with his little finger.

During the course of Judge

Thompson's talk Andrew Lawrence of Chicago came into the building and took his place on the platform. After Judge Thompson's speech was over Mr. Harrison called on Mr. Lawrence for a speech and when the editor arose he received a great ovation from the Chicago people. Mr. Lawrence was the speaking hero of the meeting. He was the planned knight of the gathering. He was the keynote orator. He pitched the key and the other speakers spoke in tune. He was cooked and primed for the occasion, and he poured out shot into the state organization and all its friends.

After Mr. Lawrence finished, Congressman Graham of the Springfield district was called on by Mr. Harrison. Mr. Graham took the floor and held it for 22 minutes. He is a windy fellow. He has the ability to use words without saying anything. Mr. Graham was, most of the time, a soft and purring echo for Mr. Lawrence; a phonograph into which Mr. Lawrence had talked, giving back his words, minus their vigor and vitality. Mr. Graham's remarks occasioned some surprise among those sitting around the reporters' tables, who knew him personally.

I felt that inasmuch as the state organization was being roundly denounced, it had a right to a defense. It is the rule in civilized countries everywhere that the accused shall be heard before judgment is passed on them. Even condemned murderers are permitted to defend themselves, and before judgment is passed upon them they are asked if they have anything to say why judgment should not be pronounced. I felt then and I feel now, that the state committee had a right to be heard in its own behalf at this meeting; and so I wrote a note, addressed to Mr. Harrison, telling him that I wished to be heard briefly in defense of the state committee, and asking him if he would give me a chance to be heard. This note I passed up to him while Mr. Sexton of Chicago, who followed Mr. Graham as the next speaker on the program, was making his talk. Mr. Harrison read the note, looked at me and shook his head decisively.

When Mr. Sexton finished his speech, Mr. Harrison came to the front of the platform and said that he held a note in his hand addressed to him by Mr. Wheeler, asking for the privilege of being heard at this meeting. He said that I could not be heard; that this meeting belonged to the "progressive democrats," and that he did not propose to have it broken into by Roger Sullivan or any of his henchmen. At the close of his remarks I got on to my feet and appealed to him as a fair man to give me a hearing. I told him that if he would give me even five minutes I should be satisfied. Then, again, his Chicago friends pounced upon me and buffeted me about as if I had been a feather pillow. It was then my friend, Rees, of the Springfield Register, came to my rescue. I had been associating with Mr. Rees for 20 years, knowing all that time that I had been associating with a kind hearted, mild mannered genial man. I did not know him, for I had never seen that side of his nature appealed to. But when the Chicago fellows pounced upon me, Mr. Rees got busy and rushed into the melee. In savage tones he told the Chicago fellows to unhand me, telling them that if they put me out of the hall they would have to put him out too. His conduct was generous and courageous in

the extreme. Hereafter I shall treat Mr. Rees more circumspectly.

I was still appealing to Mr. Harrison for a hearing when Mr. Rees threw his arms about me and like a brother appealed to me to give up the struggle. He said that it was useless for me to try to get a hearing and that if I did not desist in trying to be heard that he and I were going to get into serious trouble! and so I listened to him and again took my seat. Had it not been for Mr. Rees I cannot say what would have happened to me. I think that the disturbance must have lasted for fully 10 minutes; and while it lasted there was, indeed, a wild and woolly time.

After order was once more restored, Mr. Harrison called on Sheriff Zimmer of Chicago and he talked 10 minutes, following the lead of the other speakers in denouncing the state organization in unmeasured terms. Mr. Zimmer was followed by Mr. Gray of Decatur. Mr. Gray followed along in the lines set by Mr. Lawrence and, in addition, told how the "progressive democrats" should organize the state for the purpose of overthrowing the present state organization.

Then Mr. Burton, of Edwardsville, came to the front and read his denunciatory resolutions. These were passed with a whirl, and a motion to adjourn was put and carried—and the Springfield meeting was at an end.

There was no time during the progress of this meeting that Mr. Harrison could not have given me a hearing—for he was the autocrat of the situation. Mr. Harrison, in his position, might have been a gentleman—but he was not. He might have been fair and just and generous—but he was not. He might have acted the part of an honorable, decent, manly man—but he did not. He had unlimited power—and he used it like a tyrant. Fair men would not treat a yellow dog as I was treated at this so-called "progressive democratic" meeting. There was no occasion to run the steam roller over me so ruthlessly and brutally. Mr. Harrison and his friends had, as I say, unlimited power; the meeting was wholly in their hands, and they could have heard the other side with impunity. This they should have done. But they did not propose to let what I had to say go into the record; and so they bowled me under.

Governor Altgeld knew Carter Har-

risson through and through. He lightly rated Harrison's ability, and he did not trust him, politically, or otherwise. I knew Governor Altgeld well, and I got this information from him at first hand; and I recall it now, after having seen a striking exhibition of Carter Harrison's character and methods. It seems to me that a strong man would have acted differently from the way Carter Harrison acted, the other day. A strong man would have said to me: "Yes, come on! Speak your piece!" Small men sometimes make first-class tyrants. It was a happy day for Carter Harrison when Governor Altgeld passed away—for he feared that honest old eagle. He feared not only his piercing, penetrating eye—but he feared his beak and claw.

If Governor Altgeld were alive to-day, how he would make the feathers fly from Andrew Lawrence and Carter Harrison. If Governor Altgeld were alive, these men would not now be aspiring to state leadership. How we do miss the leadership of that patriotic, that courageous, that honest man! How the gray wolves within the democratic sheepfold did despise him!

The speakers at this meeting roundly denounced the Springfield convention of 1904. But that convention was honorable and merciful compared to this Springfield meeting. At the Springfield convention of 1904 there was a fight on. There were two strong factions in that convention, one led by Hopkins, Lawrence, Brennan and Quinn, aided by their Chicago friends and backers, and the other composed wholly of down-state democrats. The Hopkins-Lawrence-Quinn faction was well organized and vigorously led. The down-state faction had no leader, and the minority, organized and led as it was, triumphed over the majority. That great wrongs were done at the Springfield convention no fair man will deny; but bitter as the fight between the factions was, no personal violence was used. In brutality, the Springfield meeting far surpassed the Springfield convention of 1904.

At the Springfield convention of 1904, the dominant faction permitted the other side a hearing—Prentiss, the mayor of Joliet, and others being heard. But at the Springfield meeting of 1911, not a word was permitted from the other side by those in control. At the Springfield convention it was gavel rule. At the Springfield meeting it was gag rule. Both are bad, but of the two, gag rule is the worst. It is more destructive to liberty. When free expression is denied, no vestige of liberty remains. Without free speech, liberty is an idle dream. Hear me! Hear me! Let me plead my cause, and I'll take my chances with the worst of men. Gag rule is hell's invention. There's nothing worse.

At the Springfield meeting the other day, it was one man against a thousand. He had no show to change the cut-and-dried program of that meeting, or to change its foreordained results, and there was no valid reason why he should not have been heard in defense of the state organization, which had been so unfairly and so viciously assailed. Yet, he was beaten down like a dog and silenced by rude violence.

It cannot be possible that the manhood of America will stand for such un-American actions as prevailed at this meeting of so-called "progressive democrats." I have no doubt but for the courageous interference of Mr. Rees and his brotherly appeals to me, that much greater violence would have been resorted to; but for his friendly appeals I should have gone further, and should, no doubt, have been dealt with more severely than I was.

So far as I am personally concerned, I exceedingly regret the conduct of Mr. Harrison and his Chicago following. I regret that such unfair, such un-American, such ruthless methods should be resorted to by men calling themselves

democrats. Personally, I very much dislike the notoriety that Mr. Harrison's extremely unfair conduct has given me. But I can stand the notoriety and the sores and bruises that came to me from the physical violence to which I was subjected, much better than can the men who thus needlessly and wantonly maltreated me.

I cannot close this brief story without saying that I do not blame the down-state democrats for what occurred to me at this meeting. I am sure that the down-state democrats would have heard me, and this belief I shall carry with me to my grave. I believe this when the trouble was on, and I believe it now. Scores of good men came to me after the meeting was over and expressed their hearty disapproval of what had taken place and their warm sympathy for me in having been thus mistreated.

I do not believe that such conduct as I was subjected to can help any cause anywhere. There is supposed to exist in the breasts of all true Americans a spirit of fair play; and all such men who were cognizant of what had taken place at this meeting, so far as I was concerned, thoroughly disapproved it. In this connection I believe that I may with propriety quote what Congressman Rainey said to me at the St. Nicholas hotel Wednesday evening. He regretted exceedingly what had been done to me, and said: "If I had been there, Mr. Wheeler, you should have had a hearing; but if they refused you a hearing, then I should have walked out of the meeting with you."

I believe what Mr. Rainey said fairly represents the feeling of down-state democrats. So far as Mr. Rainey is concerned, the Hearst-Lawrence-Harrison people are merely using him as a buffer to save their face and cause. The outcry against this movement has been so widespread throughout the state, and so vigorous withal, that the Chicago men realized that they had to do something; and so they set Henry Rainey up as a figurehead to save their movement from extinction. Mr. Harrison was the man that was brought out at a Chicago meeting as a candidate for national committeeman; but the suggestion was so unpopular with down-state democrats that Mr. Harrison had to be thrown overboard in order to save the movement from speedy death, and Mr. Rainey was substituted in his place. But the substitution of Mr. Rainey for Mr. Harrison will be without avail. It comes too late. Nor will Mr. Rainey serve as the figure-

head of the Chicago combination. He plainly told me so. He will not be made the cat's paw of the Chicago faction, for he does not wish to obliterate himself as a democratic leader in the state of Illinois—and he knows that this, is what he would be doing if he should consent to let the Hearst-Lawrence-Harrison faction use him for their selfish purposes. Mr. Rainey has a future, and that future he will not let the Lawrence-Harrison faction wreck.

Mr. Harrison's rude and brutal treatment of me was, in a way, worth all it cost me, for it called forth in most emphatic form the nobleness, the grandeur and the sweet kindness of human nature. One touch of kindness (pity) makes the whole world kin. I have never before had such a striking illustration of the great goodness of the human heart. Scores and scores of men came to me while I was in Springfield, with expressions of detestation for the treatment I had received, and of the kindest expressions of sympathy for me, personally. Two of these men I shall never forget, Mr. Phillips, of the Chicago Tribune, and Mr. Armstrong of the Chicago News—two men, both of them possibly 30 or 35 years old. How kind and sweet they were to me! It was these young men who suggested that I make a statement for the public, and it was their suggestion that I followed. Upset in mind as I was, I should never have thought of it.

I did not see it myself, but I have been told that the Chicago Examiner said that I "tried to draw a gun" at the Springfield meeting. The statement is preposterous; it's silly. I am no thug, no burglar, no hold-up man, no highwayman, no train robber. I am just a plain, peaceable, peace-loving man, with no courage for desperate deeds. I have not carried a gun since I quit the army. I should be thoroughly ashamed to carry one. I would no sooner have a gun about me than I would a bottle of acid, or a Billy, or a dynamite bomb. When I die, wherever it may be, I shall die like a respectable man, unarmed. Billies and slingshots and brass knuckles and bombs and guns are for other men—not for me."

H. N. WHEELER.

Woman Sentenced as a Spy.
Leipzig, Oct. 14.—Mlle. Renee Thirion, a French teacher, who was arrested at a spy and charged with having obtained from a German army officer the secret mobilization plans of the German army, was convicted and sentenced to six months' imprisonment.

FELT BAD ALL THE TIME

Shellhorn Lady Suffered a Great Deal, But Is All Right Now.

Shellhorn, Ala.—In a letter from this place, Mrs. Carrie May says: "A short time ago, I commenced to have weak spells and headaches. I felt bad all the time, and soon grew so bad I couldn't stay up. I thought I would die."

At last my husband got me a bottle of Cardui, and it helped me; so he got some more. After I had taken the second bottle, I was entirely well. I wish every lady, suffering from womanly trouble, would try Cardui. It is the best medicine I know of. It did me more good than anything I ever used."

Cardui is a woman's tonic—a strengthening medicine for women, made from ingredients that act specifically on the womanly organs, and thus help to build up the womanly constitution to glowing good health. As a remedy for woman's ills, it has a successful record of over 50 years. Your druggist sells it. Please try it.

N. B.—Write for Ladies' Advisory Desk, Chicago, Ill., or for Cardui, Chicago, Ill., for Special Instructions, and tell-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," sent in plain wrapper, on request.

Mintulips
"The Mints for Me"

EAT them any time—they're fine for everybody.

Dainty—delicious—absolutely pure. Made of granulated sugar, spring water and mint—good for digestion.

Not too strong—not too mild—just delightful. "You can't get enough you'll like 'em so."

In dust-proof, moisture proof packages—always fresh, clean, pure, wholesome, liberal package 10c.

Never Sold in Bulk

Farley Candy Co. Chicago

Royal
BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure

Used and praised by the most competent and careful pastry cooks the world over

The only Baking Powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar—made from grapes